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Smoke awoke with lips touching his

lips. He lay partly in Labiskwee's

arms, his head pillowed on her breast.

"It is day," she said, lifting the edge

and we no longer cough. Let us look

at the world, though I could stay here

"I do not hear McCan," Smoke said.

'And what has become of the young

normal and solitary sun in the sky. A

gentle breeze was blowing, crisp with

frost and binting of warmer days to

again. McCan lay on his back, his un-

washed face, swarthy from camp

smoke, frozen hard as marble. The

"Look!" she cried. "A snowbird! It

There was no evidence of the young

There was so little food that they

dared not est a tithe of what they

needed, and in the days that followed,

ed, and the wandering merged half

into a dream. Smoke would become

abruptly conscious to find himself staring at the never ending bated snow

peaks, his senseless babble still ringing

in his ears. And the next he would

know, after seeming centuries, was

of his own maunderings. Labiskwee,

too, was light headed most of the time.

Came a day when it turned cold and

a thick snow, that was not snow, but

frost crystals of the size of grains of

sand, began to fall. For three days

Impossible to travel until it crusted un-

der the spring sun, so they lay in their

furs and rested and ate less because

they rested. So small was the ration

much of the stomach, but more of the

brain. And Labiskwee, delirious, mad-

dened by the faste of her tiny portion.

sobblug and mumbling, fell upon the

next day's portion and crammed it into

Then it was given to Smoke to see a

her teeth roused her to consciousness.

on a great wind that drove the dry

and tiny frost particles as sand is driv-

night the sand frost drove by, and in

the full light of a clear and wind

blown day Smoke looked with swira-

ming eyes and reeling brain upon what

he took to be the vision of a dream.

ows and flashing silver from the sun.

this will blow the warm winds, and

Smoke shot a snowbird, and they

divided it. Once, in a valley where

willows budded standing in the snow.

he shot a snowshoe rabbit. Another

"It is summer in the lower valleys,"

sald Labiskwee. "Soon will it be sum-

The days lengthened, and the snow

ompelled to camp and rest during the

midday hours of thaw when the crust

sould not bear their weight. When

Smoke grew snow blind Labiskwee

towed him on a thong tied to her

waist. And when she was so blinded

she was towed by a thoug to his walst.

And, starving, in a deeper dream, they

stroggled on through an awakening

and bare of any life save their own.

The time came when the last food

was gone. The high peaks receded.

the divides became lower, and the way

opened promisingly to the west. But

their reserves of strength were gone.

and, without food, the time quickly fol-

lowed when they lay down at night

and in the morning did not arise.

Smoke weakly gained his feet, col-

we shall live and win west."

time he got a lean white weasel.

Lublishwee sat up among the furs.

dream F"

mer here."

r mouth.

the offending mouth.

men. Either they had died on the oth-

sight did not affect Labiskwee.

Is a good sign."

All the world was natural

men that they have not found us?"

He threw back the robes and saw

thus forever and always."

nuffled sound of it had vanished.

It was a morning stark still, clear | Smoke noted his temperature rising in a fever, and Labiskwee suffered simiblue above, with white sun dazzle on larly. Hour after hour the coughing the snow. The way ted up a long wide spells increased in frequency and vio-lence, and not till late afternoon was slope of crust. They moved like weary ghosts in a dead world the worst reached. After that the "Something is going to happen," Lamend came slowly, and between spells

blakwee whilspered. "Don't you feel they dozed in exhaustion. il-here, there, everywhere? Every-(blog is strange."

"I feel a chill that is not of cold." Smoke answered. "Nor is it of hun- Her voice was cheerful and usual. The

"It is in your bend, your heart," she agreed excitedly. "That is the way I of the robes a trifle. "See, oh, my lover, it is day! We have lived through.

A quarter of an hour later they paused for breath. The air is getting thick and heavy,"

said Labiskwee. "It is hard to breathe." "There be three suns." McCan muttered hoursely, reeling as he clung to his staff for support.

They saw a mock sun on either side of the real sun.

"There are five," said Labiskwee, and as they looked new suns formed and flashed before their eyes. "By heaven, the sky is diled with

suns beyont all countin'," McCan cried Which was true, for, look where they would, haif the circle of the sky daz-

gled and blazed with new suns form-McCan yelped sharply with surprise and pain. "I'm stung!" he cried out.

then yelped again. Then Labiskwee cried out, and Smoke felt a pricking stab on his cheek

so cold that it burned like acid. And then a shot rang out, strangely muffled. Down the slope were the young men, standing on their akis, and one after another they opened

"Spread out!" Smoke commanded. "And climb for it! We're almost to the top. They're a quarter of a mile below, and that means a couple of that again he was roused to the sound miles the start of them on the down going on the other side."

"Thank the Lord," Smoke panted to Labiskwee, "all these suns spoll their "It shows my father's temper," she

said. "They have orders to kill." "How strange you talk!" Smoke said. "Your voice sounds far away."

"Cover your mouth," Lubiskwee cried suddenly, "And don't talk. I know what it is. Cover your mouth they permitted that it gave no appearewith your sleeve, thus, and do not ment to the hunger pang that was

From the crest, looking back, they saw the young men stumbling and fulling on the upward climb

"They will never get here," Labiskknow it, though I have never seen it. I have heard the old men talk. Soon will come a mist unlike any mist or fog or frost amoke you ever saw. Few have seen it and lived.

McCan gasped and strangled. "Keep your mouth covered," Smoke commanded. McCan had aunk down, squatting, on his skis, his mouth and eves covered by his arms. "Come on, make a start," Smoke or-

dered. "I can't move," McCan moaned.

"Let him be," Lablakwee muttered

But Smoke persisted, drauging the man to his feet and facing him down the long slope they must go. Then be started him with a shove, and McCan. braking and steering with his staff. shot into the sheen of diamond dust and disappeared.

Smoke looked at Labiakwee, who smiled, though it was all she could do to keep from sinking down. He nodded for her to push off, but she came near to him, and, side by side, a dozen feet apart, they flew down through the slinging thickness of cold fire.

Brake as he would, Smoke's heavier body carried him past her, and he dashed on alone, a long way, at tresuondous speed, that did not slacken till he came out on a level, crusted plateau. Here be braked till Lubiak wee overtook him, and they went on, ngain side by side, with diminishing speed, which finally ceased. The lethargy had grown more pronounced. The wildest effort of will could move them no more than at a snall's pace. They passed McCan, amin crouched down on his skis, and Smoke roused him with his staff in passing.

"Now we must stop," Labiskwee whispered painfully, "or we will die. We must cover up-so the old men maid.

She did not delay to untic knots, but began cutting her pack lashings. Smoke cut his, and, with a last look at the flory death mist and the mockery of suns, they covered themselves over with the sleeping furs and crouched in each other's arms. They felt a body stumble over them and fall, then heard feeble whimpering drowned in a violent coughing fit and knew it wes McCan who huddled against them as he wrapped his robe about him.

Their own lung strangling began, and they were racked and torn by a dry cough, apasmodic and uncontrollable.

lapsed and on hands and knees crawled about the building of a fire. But, try as she would, Labiskwee sank back each time in an extremity of weakness. And Smoke sank down beside her, a wan sneer on his face for the automatism that had made him strugnothing to cook, and the day was

> CHAPTER XXV. Wonder of Women.

ABISKWEE lay in a stupor, her breathing so imperceptible that often Smoke thought her dead. In the afternoon the chatter ing of a squirrel aroused him. Dragging the heavy rifle, he wallowed through the crust that had become slush. He crent on hands and knees. or stood upright and fell forward in the direction of the squirrel that chattered its wrath and fled slowly and tantalizingly before him. He had not the strength for a quick shot, and the squirrel was never still.

So profound was his weakness that he lay like dead through the night, nor did dreams disturb him.

The sun was in the sky, the same squirrel chattering through the trees, when Labiskwee's hand on Smoke's heek awakened him.

"Put your hand on my heart, lover," she said, her voice clear, but faint and very far away. "My beart is my love, and you hold it in your hand." A long time seemed to go by ere she spoke again. "Remember always there is no way south. That is well known to the caribon people. West-that is the way will make it."

And Smoke drowsed in the numbness that is near to death until once more she aroused him.

"Put your lips on mine," she said, "I will die so."

"We will die together, sweetheart," was his answer.

checked him, and so thin was her voice | night and slept again to another sun. that scarcely did be bear it, yet did be hear all of it. Her hand fumbled and groped in the hood of her parks, and she drew forth a pouch that she placed in his hand. "And now your lips, my lover. Your lips on my lips and your er side of the divide or had turned hand on my heart."

And in that long kiss darkness came upon him again, and when again he was conscious he knew that he was to wandering through the ione mountain die. He was wearily glad that he was land, the sharp sting of life grew blunt. to die.

He found his hand resting on the With an inward smile at the



Three Days, With No Further Food, He

Fought West. curiosity that made him pull the draw-All about towered great peaks, and string, be opened it. Our poured a from the tip of every peak, swaying, tiny flood of food. There was no parundulating, flaring out broadly against ticle of it that he did not recognize, all the agure sky, streamed gigantic snow stolen by Labiskwee from Labiskweesanners, miles in length, milky and bread fragments saved far back; strips sebulous, ever waving lights and shad- and strings of caribou meat, partly gnawed; crumbles of suct; a hind leg of the snowshoe rabbit, untouched: a "I dream, Labiskwee," he said, hind leg and part of a fore leg of the Look. Do you, too, dream within my white weasel; a wing, dented still by her reluctant teeth, and a leg of the "It is no dream," she replied. "This snowbird-pitiful remnants, tragic rehave the old men told me. And after nunciations, crucifixions of life, morsels atolen from her terrible hunger by her incredible love.

With maniscal laughter Smoke flung it all out on the hardening snow crust and went back into the blackness.

He dreamed. The Yukon ran dry. In its bed, among muddy pools of wa ter and ice scoured rocks, he wandered. picking up fat nugget gold. The veight of it grew to be a burden to him till he discovered that it was good began to sink. Each day the crust to eat. And greedily he ate. After all, of what worth was gold that man thawed, each night it from again, and should prize it so, save that it was they were afoot early and late, being good to eat?

He awoke to another sun. His brain was strangely clear. No longer did his evesight blue. The familiar palpitstion that had vexed him through all his frame was gone. The juices of his body seemed to sing as if the spring had entered it. Blessed well being had come to him. He turned to awaken Labiskwee and saw and remembered. He looked for the food flung out on the now. It was gone. And he knew that in delirium and dream it had been the Yukon nugget gold. In delirium and dream he had taken heart of life from the life sacrifice of Labiskwee, who had put her heart in his hand and

able to drag her fur wrapped body to the exposed thawed gravel bank, which he undermined and caved upon her.

Three days, with no further food, be fought west. In the mid third day he fell beneath a lone spruce beside a wide stream that ran open and that he knew must be the Klondike. Ere gle for an unneeded fire. There was blackness conquered him he unlashed his pack, said goodby to the bright world and rolled himself in the robes.

Chirping, sleepy noises awoke him. The long twilight was on. Above him smong the spruce bows were ptarmigan. Hunger bit him into instant action, though the action was infinitely slow. Five minutes passed before he was able to get his rifle to his shoulder, and a second five minutes passed ere he dared, lying on his back and aiming straight upward, to pull the trigger. It was a clean miss. No bird fell, but no bird flew. They ruffled and rustled stupidly and drowsily. His shoulder pained him. A second shot was spoiled by the involuntary wince

he made as he pulled trigger. The ptarmigan had not flown. He doubled and redoubled the robe that had covered him and humped it in the follow between his right arm and his side. Resting the butt of the rifle on the fur, he fired again, and a bird fell, He clutched it greedly and found that he had shot most of the meat from it. The large callber bullet had left little else than a mess of mangled feathers. Still the ptarmigan did not fly, and e decided that it was heads or noth-

ing. He fired only at heads. He reloaded and reloaded the magazine. He missed; he hit, and the stupid ptarmigan, that were loath to fly, fell upon -and you are almost there-and you him in a rain of food-lives disrupted that his life might feed and live.

The first he ate raw. Then he rested and slept, while his life assimilated the life of it. In the darkness be awoke, hungry, with strength to build a fire. And until early dawn he cooked and ate, crunching the bones to powder between his long kile teeth. He slept, "No." A feeble flutter of her hand awoke in the darkness of another

He noted with surprise that the fire crackled with fresh fuel and that a blackened coffeepot steamed on the edge of the coals. Beside the fire. within arm's length, sat Shorty, smok ing a brown paper cigarette and intently watching him. Smoke's lips moved, but a throat paralysis seemed to come upon him, while his chest was suffused with the menace of tears. He reached out his hand for the cigarette and drew the smoke deep into his ungs again and again

"I have not smoked for a long time," he said at last in a low, calm voice. "For a very long time."

"Nor eaten, from your looks," Shorty added gruffly.

Smoke nodded and waved his hand at the ptarmigan feathers that lay all about. "Not until recently," be returned. "Do you know, I'd like a cup of coffee; also flapjacks and a strip of

While the one cooked and the other ate they told briefly what had happened to them in the days since their sonaration.

"The Klondike was breakin' up." Shorty concluded his recital, "an' we just had to wait for open water. Two polin' boats, six other men-you know 'em all, an' crackerjacks-an' all kinds of outfit. An' we've sure been a comin'-polin', liain' up, an' portagin'. But the falls 'll stick 'em a solid week. That's where I left 'em, a-cuttin' a trail over the tops of the bluffs for boats. I just had a sure natural hunch to keep a comin'. So I fills a pack with grub an starts. I knew I'd find you a-driftin' an' all in,"

Smoke nodded. "Well, let's get started," he said.

"But you're feeble as a kid baby. You can't hike. What's the rush?" "Shorty, I am going after the biggest thing in the Klondike, and I can't wait. that's all. Start packing. It's the biggest thing in the world. It's bigger than takes of gold and mountains of gold, bigger than adventure and meat eating and bear killing."

Shorty sat with bulging eyes. "In the name of the Lord, what is it?" he queried huskily. "Or are you just simply loca?"

"No, I'm all right. Perhaps a fellow has to stop eating in order to see things. At any rate, I have seen things I never dreamed were in the world. I know what a woman is-now." Shorty's mouth opened, and about

the lips and in the light of the eyes was the whimsical advertisement of the sneer forthcoming.

"Don't, please," Smoke said gently,

You don't know. I do." Shorty gulped and changed his thought. "Huh! I don't need no hunch to guess her name. The rest of em has gone up to the drainin' of Surprise iako, but Joy Gastell allowed she wouldn't go. She's stickin' around Dawson waitin' to see if I come back with you. An she sure swears if I don't she'll sell her holdin's an' hire a army of gun lighters an' go into the caribon country an' knock the ever lastin' stuffin' outs old Snass an' bis whole gang An' if you'll hold your horses a couple of shakes I reckon I'll

with you."

SYNOPSIS.

get packed up an' ready to hike along

Christopher Beliew, a tenderfoot, starts for the Klondike in a gold rush and pluck-ily works at the back breaking toil of

packing freight. He meets a beautiful girt, Joy Gastell, desorts his own party, and he and Shorty, a new acquaintance, hire cut to two wealthy prospectors. Joy has nicknamed him "Smoke"

Smoke and Shorty befriend a man named Breck and nearly perish in attempting to cross Lake Lebings because of the uselessness of their employers.

had put her heart in his hand and opened his eyes to woman and wonder. He was surprised at the ease of his movements, astounded that he was tip they stamped for Squaw creek.

They overtake Joy Gastell and her fa-ther. To help the Sea Lion crowd Joy treacherously leads them away from Squaw creek.

Smoke saves the girl's feet from freezing. He and Shorty by mistake jump a miner's claim and lose it. Then Smoke flads Surprise take, the bottom of which is covered with gold

Smoke is shot at witnesses the murder of a miner by the unknown marksman and is arrested for murder himself.

Breck shows a Surprise take nugget, the impromptu court is stampeded, and smoke's life is saved. Smoke wins money

He continues to win, and the gamblers buy him off. His system was based on the discovery that the roulette wheel was

Prompted by Joy Gastell, Smoke enters race for a million dollar claim against ome of the best dog mushers.

At a critical moment for supplies Smoke with a fresh dog team, and he runs a dead heat with Ric Olaf for the claim. Smoke goes to Surprise lake. He falls into a crevasse in a glacier, and a miner, Carson, makes heroic efforts to rescue

Smoke cuts a rope to save Carson, falls himself and is caught in a pocket below, from which he is rescued by Carson and

Smoke and Shorty find a tribe of starv-ing Indians, and Smoke goes to Muclus to secure food and help.

Smoke forces Cultus George, an Indian to assist by stringing him up with a rope Smoke and Shorty find several dead mer n the snow. They discover Laura Sibley's party dy

ng of scurvy and start heroic nursing neasures. One man, Wentworth, is mysteriously free from the trouble They discover Wentworth's secret hoard of potatoes and save many lives. Lu-cille Arral wants Smoke to corner the egg

market and discipline her lover, Wild

Wild Water wants eggs for Miss Arral. He agrees to pay \$10 per egg if two dozen old him win her smile. By a clever ruse Wild Water unloads and eggs on Smoke and Shorty and they

ose \$17,000. They are captured by In Snass, a Scotchman, is their chief. No white man is permitted to escape. La-biskwee, daughter of Snass, admires

Smoke, Shorty and Dan McCan, anothe prisoner, plan to escape, and Shorty gets away. Labiskwee loves Smoke and wants go with him.

McCan joins them and steals food. La biskwee tries to kill McCan. They are nearly strangled by the white death and fired upon by pursuing Indians.

McCan dies. Labiskwee starves herself to death to save Smoke, who finally gets back to civilization, appreciating Labisk-wee's great sucrifice and more in love with Joy Gastell than ever.

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